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TUESDAY, - - - DECEMBER 28.

OUR PENNY PAPER.

We did not expect the DAILY TIMES to spring into full proportions in a few weeks, but it has gained a growth that is very remarkable for so short a time. During the last month we carried twelve columns of paying advertisements and without any patent medicines or lotteries. In fact, the success has been more solid than we could have hoped for in that time, and we will carry out our promise to get 10,000 circulation, which is what a good penny paper, honest, intelligent, and independent, ought to have.

It was reported that Mr. Lamar and Mrs. Holt were to have been married yesterday in Georgia.

Blaine's organ indicates that anybody can get either protection or tariff reform if they will yell for Blaine.

The Salvation Army has attacked the island of Ceylon, but not with that grand verse, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

As Democrats begin to fill the places at minor custom-houses, Republican newspapers and other un-Democratic contemporaries are seized with an eager desire to economize by abolishing the offices.

Mr. Roscoe Conkling denies that he is trying to recover that lost seat in the Senate which he gave up with the thought that he would be begged to resume it by the New York Legislature. So far from being begged he had to go on his knees to implore the compliment which was refused.

Some of the French naval cruisers steam nineteen knots an hour, which is faster than any time made by British ships. This is doubtless the model that Secretary Whitney has in view when he demands that our proposed cruisers shall excel any others.

Quite right.

The President had another attack of reumatism about Christmas time.

But there is one advantage in a new husband's having reumatism. It gives a young wife the chance to doubly endear herself, for no woman, however lovely, is a real angel until she has a sick husband to nurse.

It is claimed by some statesmen in Washington that the President is gradually changing the complexion of his policy, and that in the course of time, from the pale and cream-colored reflex of the Mugwump, the policy will turn to the beautiful cerulean tint of the true blue Democrat.

General John A. Logan's death will not be generally lamented at the South, where, unfortunately, he has been known by his prejudices more than his virtues. At the same time, we will have nothing but good to say of the dead, and the generous will remember that in the cause he believed in he was a gallant officer and true to his duty.

Twenty-eight years ago General John Logan was a member of Congress, and said in a famous speech:

"In Illinois, in the State from which I come, in Chicago there was a sympathizing meeting held in favor of John Brown; and ministers of God, or pretended ministers of God, attended the meeting and passed resolutions of sympathy with that traitor, thief, and scoundrel; yet no Republican representative in that portion of the State raised his voice against such proceedings."

"I came here as a Democrat, and I expect to support a Democrat. I may have differed with gentlemen on this side of the House in reference to issues that are past, but God knows that I have differed from the other side from my childhood, and with that side I will never affiliate so long as I have breath in my body."

This may show how the war feeling in the North changed the sentiments of a great many men who had opposed the ideas on which the war was organized. The New York Sun says, after quoting his words:

"His sincerity was seldom questioned. He will be remembered as an aggressive, manly, shrewd, pertinacious politician—in many respects a representative American of the West."

A PIRATE KING.
While American newspapers are organizing the war rumors that indicate that chronic "war cloud" with the precision of the Weather Bureau at Washington, we must not forget the seat of war in Sumatra. The Czar and the Kaiser are monopolists from a journalistic and cable point of view, but we claim a place for the Sultan of Acheen.

In 1873 this local light of the Orient in the fullness of his pride as a deputy prophet of Allah proceeded to get up a business in piracy that showed the boodle talents of a New York Alderman. He had pirate cruisers that could catch anything but a Canard, and many a time he lay for the "Tramps of the Sea," which are steamers, but not of a very high order, and declared a fat dividend about every month, he being the only stockholder, and all the profits going into his royal treasury, which is his majesty's breeches pocket.

The Dutch nation, which trades in that neighborhood very extensively, could not appreciate this royal Lambro's methods of putting the religion of Mahomet into business; so they sent a fleet and army to conquer the Sultan of the Sea at Sumatra.

That was over ten years ago, and still the Majesty of Acheen sails his pirate way.

But there is war by sea and land, and the Dutch have made a record that they think is equal to anything in the palmy days when Von Trump put his broom at the masthead to sweep Britain from the ocean.

Of late the Sultan has begun to smuggle in rifles and even artillery, so that they have put the coast fort at Segli under siege. The Dutch troops also suffer severely from disease. Altogether, Sumatra has cost the Netherlands much in money and men, with a prospect now of costing much more.

The Pirate Sultan is not in the least discouraged, for he has achieved more than one victory over the Dutch.

He is a regular blue ribbon monarch and his followers have resisted lager beer as well as lead.

THE NEW YEAR.

One of the most enterprising houses in the United States gives us a sound opinion on the business outlook for the coming year, predating its opinion on a business that extends all over the world, and that in its particular character permeates all the avenues and all the sources of trade. We feel sure that from the criticism and observations we get from this source and others that there is no cause to fear hard times and that there will be a wave of prosperity during the coming year.

The South has at last been relieved from the incubus of prejudice that shadowed it with a cloud, and not the least of the numerous benefits of a conservative Democratic administration is the perfect peace and fraternity instituted between the formerly antagonistic sections.

Men who were accustomed to study big affairs in a patriotic sense have long appreciated what was the great future of the South under the new regime when her ideas in the modern mercantile world could be developed untrammelled by any oppression. The curious result of the civil war is felt at present in the fact that the North and South are more friendly than in the days when their institutions were different.

The effects on our material prosperity of this reconciliation and union has long ago mapped out in the logic of events, and now destiny is beginning to work itself out very rapidly, and the South will advance steadily and solidly until our section of the union is abreast with the North.

GENERAL LOGAN'S SUCCESSOR.

The swarthy champion that Illinois has so long kept in the Senate and tried to put in the Presidential chair has made his final exit, and the curtain rolls down on his dramatic career leaving a wide void in the list of stars that shone in the Republican drama for so many long tragic years.

The General Assembly of Illinois was renewed by election last fall, and the Republicans secured a majority of sixteen on joint ballot. The next session will open on Wednesday, January 5th, one day after the reopening of Congress after the holiday recess, so that there is not likely to be much delay in filling Senator Logan's place with a man of his own party. The best known candidate to succeed Logan is probably Governor Oglesby, who has been reported to have ambition for the Senate for some years. Logan was one of the famous quartette, Conkling, Matt, Carpenter and Edmunds being the three, that managed the Senate so long for the Republicans and that arranged the deal with Mahone in the caucus on that memorable occasion which sold the State of Virginia.

When Statesman Evarts describes the greatest danger to the country, "a citizen by the laws and constitution of the country should be prevented from voting, or told that his vote, when received, should not be counted," he ought to remember that he was the distinguished conspirator who not only helped to steal the Presidency in 1876 by counting out votes, but was depended on to do exactly the same job for Blaine.

THE CENTENNIAL POEM FOR WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.

We extract the following fine lines from Mrs. Margaret J. Preston's beautiful centennial poem. The cleric captain was the Rev. William Graham, first rector of Liberty Hall and captain of the Liberty Hall Company:

Pure fame! True name!—When Tarleton flung His angry and contemptuous taunt Against the valley, did it daunt The cleric Captain in that hour Of onset? Did his spirit cower Beneath it? Nay! When proud and clear, His Chieftain's summons reached his ear—"Up! Men of West Augusta!" quickly down Each ardent scholar flung his books and gown, Snatched up his musket, girt his sword, And rushed to drive the British horde Beyond the Piedmont.

When the day Of triumph came, and war's surcease Made room for holy arts of peace, Our Cincinnati nobly laid The proffered wealth he would not claim, Down at "The Hall," whose well-won name Had reached him "neath Mount Vernon's shade, And stirred his heart: Not yet, not yet, Could he forget His "Men of West Augusta!"

This has been a most beautiful and sunny Christmas and a fair harbinger of good times to come. The small boy, of course, captured the town with the pop-cracker; but there was a serene smile on the face of the joyous season, and everybody will tackle his task with renewed vigor for the coming year.

Richmond will brace herself again. She knows how to do it, having passed ordeals that few cities have ever had to encounter, and preserved her reputation all the way through. Let all our citizens remember that true success is in unity and not let themselves forget that barring certain natural disagreements, a community should hold its local interests above all the sensational quarrels that carry away both capital and labor sometimes in the North where utterly different elements are at work.

If the world could be made perfect tomorrow, the Anarchists would be angry because they would have nothing to grumble about.—N. Y. Herald.

Of course, for the world is perfect now, compared with what it was to the discontented spirits that wish to disturb the natural development towards a state that will be as much better to working-men in a few years as their condition now excels that of a century ago.

We will be able hereafter to give the readers of the TIMES some rare and racy illustrations in every number of the paper. It is for this reason that we cannot publish illustrated advertisements; but advertisers may be certain that a compact and readable penny paper is the best medium to reach the largest number of people.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

A countryman who is camping with his wagon and team in the suburbs of Austin missed one of his horses. "Why don't you apply to the police?" suggested a city friend. "Do you think they stole him?" was the innocent response.—Texas Siftings.

You wouldn't believe half the wonderful things I could tell you about India. Why, in some of the temples of the Brahmins they have fires that have been burning for 2,000 years. Chicago Man—Great Scott! They ought to have our fire department down there for a day or two.—Chicago Rambler.

A Boston man sadly inquires why it is that if we have four matches and a wooden toothpick in a vest pocket and want to light a cigar in the dark the toothpick will present itself repeatedly ninety-seven times out of a possible hundred attempts to light the weed. It is a dark subject.—Albany Journal.

The Toboggan in Fond du Lac, Wis., runs down a beautiful incline that makes a girl quite giddy with delight if she has the right bean to hold her in the flying sled, but then the rashness and excitement cause accidents, and the local papers state that fortunately there is a stonecutter's yard on one side and an undertaker's shop on the other.

That gay burglar's Christmas gift was a grim piece of humor and recalls numerous playful pranks of the "road agents" in the line of the gallant Claude Duval. The famous "Kid" was a regular swell hero of the road.

He dressed with extreme elegance, and on one occasion captured Colonel Murphy, a lawyer of Albuquerque, who had been a famous Confederate. When the Colonel got out of the stage with his accustomed coolness before cocked firelocks the "Kid" was so struck with his bearing that he requested to know his name, and upon hearing took off his hat, bowed low to la Claude Duval, and apologizing for the interruption to the Colonel's journey, at once ordered his band to retreat.

He Had to "Gilt."

They had the pavement on Park street torn up from curb to curb the other day when a potato peddler's horse and wagon came rushing along. The repairers shouted to the driver to stop, but he would not, and horse and wagon were rushed over the loose blocks and through the ditch to the solid road beyond.

"You must be in an awful hurry," remarked one of the pavers to the peddler as he was gathering for a fresh start. "You bet I am!"

"Anything special?"

"Well, I sold a woman back here three pecks of potatoes for a bushel, and if there is any git in this town, the next ten minutes is the time to show it!"—Detroit Free Press.

NYE IN A SOUTHERN HOTEL.

His Reflections on the Heater, Proprietor and Chambermaid.

As you go farther and farther south you notice that the huge base burner of the cold north-west gradually shrinks, till finally it disappears entirely, having been swallowed up by the grate and the old fashioned fireplace. It is very curious and interesting to watch the mammoth base burner and the buffalo overcoat as they go hand-in-hand out of our lives and give place to the seductive atmosphere and time lock smoke houses of the south.

I give here a drawing of about the last heating stove I saw in Tennessee. This drawing is crude, of course, for I am not a fluent drawer and I am making this sketch entirely from memory. It is supposed to have been made while near to the stove, or at least as near as I could get without overheating it away.

This stove is called the Little Mammoth stove, and is said to draw well under all kinds of circumstances. It is not a large stove, crowding out the piano and other necessary furniture.

It is clinker built, with bow face and interchangeable crown sheet. All its works are red, and admired by English speaking people everywhere.

This picture is made just as the Little Mammoth stove has removed its coat and is in the act of heating a large room. It is a view from the high side.

When I asked the landlord what my bill was he said it was \$8. "But," said I, with great difficulty restraining myself from smearing his brains all over the hotel register, "you have charged me \$1 for extras. I have had no extras."

"By the beard of the prophet!" said he, crossing himself and reaching under a counter for a thick-set carbine, with which it had been his wont to shoot large apertures into the vitals of people who disagreed with him. "By the beard of the prophet!" said he, cocking the piece after putting in a new half pound cartridge with tallow on it, "you forget that you have had a fire in your room."

As I looked along down the cold and repulsive length of the carbine I thought to myself how many valued friendships we throw away along life's pathway by reason of our haste and our rash, impetuous tempers. Here was a man, striving in his poor, weak way to keep a hotel, such as it was. He desired to be the friend of one and all, but on every hand he was repulsed, rebuffed and walked upon men.

I resolved to make him my friend. Catching him in my great strong arms and straining him to my atrophied breast in such a manner to throw the muzzle of the gun over my shoulder, I fell on his neck and wept while he made his own change out of what funds he found in my clothing.



Making a friend.

I would give the name of this hotel were it not for two reasons—viz.: First, because I do not wish to advertise a house that does not deserve it, and second, because there is nothing to prevent the landlord's coming down here to see about it. There is really nothing about operating a hotel like his which would in any way interfere with his going away for a year or two and leaving it in the hands of the same cockroaches who are running it now.

I paid the bill and so added another to the long list of bills which I have paid.

This hotel has the old style of annunciator, consisting of a large, drop-eared green card with a fat and faded tassel hanging to it, while the other end passes through the ceiling and is attached to one of the rafters of the building.

You pull this denunciator three times for drinking water, and then you go down to the well and get all the water you want. It made me feel perfectly at home, for that is the way I do when I am at home.

The chambermaid at this hotel was a tall colored man named Isaac, who had formerly been the concier of a lively stable on the Rue de Buttrant at Nashville.

He was emancipated during the war, and received the freedom which properly belonged to a whole plantation. Instead of dividing it up and giving the other slaves their proportion, he had retained, and, as it were, embezzled, the freedom of twenty-seven other people.

As a result of this, he had more freedom than I had. He came into my room frequently while I was changing my linen, but did not come in when I needed assistance.

Shirts are so made that the gentleman who adopts them must do so by inserting himself through the base of the garment gradually, emerging at last through the apex thereof. Isaac never rapped on the door before entering, for his whole system was so saturated with the blessed boon of freedom that he roamed around through the hotel, entering any room where he thought there would be nothing for him to do but to get right out again.

So, while I was working my way up through a heavily starched shirt one day and could not see anything, while I was wildly clutching at the empty air, there was a soft footfall on the threshold and the door opened.

I knew instinctively that it was the chambermaid, though I could not see her. I shrieked two times and tried to conceal myself in a counterpane, but my arms were pinioned by the shirt and the counterpane was a good deal emancipated. It was not the counterpane that it had been before the war. But the reader has already discovered that it was only Isaac who had strolled in to see if there might not be something that he could refrain from doing.

It has been said that the south has never fully paid for the awful crime of human slavery, but a few enfranchised foes of utility and animated champions of eternal repose, like Isaac, can work out an awful assortment of retribution in a very short space of time.

I've always been a Republican, but this matter of revenge may be carried too far, I think.—Bill Nye in Chicago News.

Read the DAILY TIMES.

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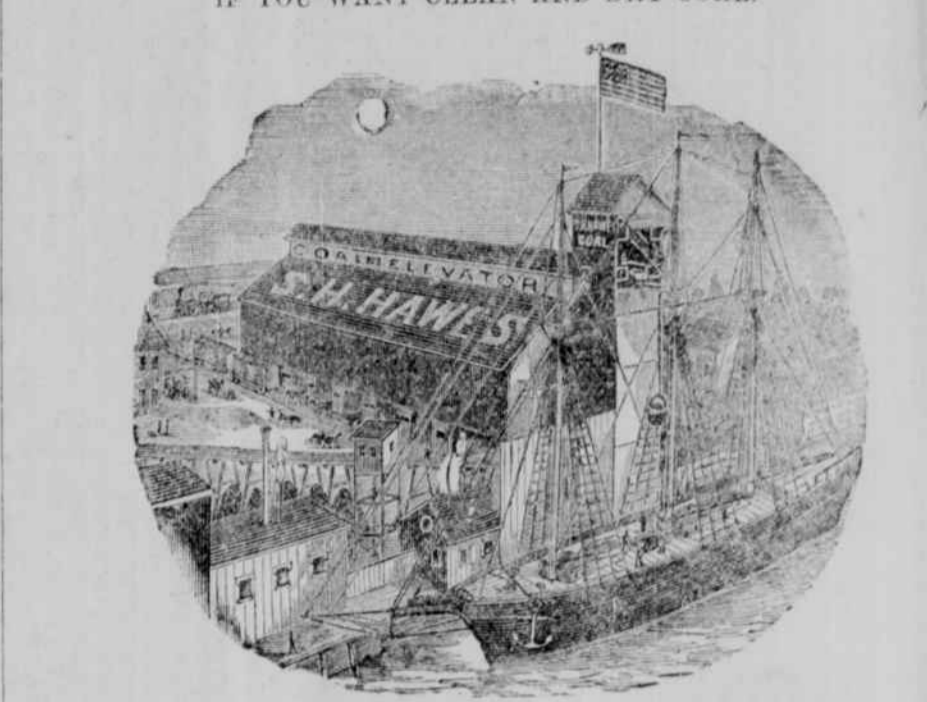
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The Virginia State Debt.

To the People of Virginia:
At a meeting of Virginia Bondholders, convened by the Council of Foreign Bondholders, and held on Friday, the 24th of September, 1886, at the Cannon-street Hotel, London, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

"That this meeting deplores the long contest into which the bondholders have been forced for the maintenance of their rights, and while asserting its steadfast determination not to accept the Riddleberger settlement, which, in view of the admitted ability of Virginia to settle with her creditors, and the sacrifices they have already made on her behalf, it considers dishonest and unjust, hereby expresses its willingness to meet the State and entertain a reasonable compromise based upon the present taxation and the available revenue, after providing for the constitutional appropriation for government, schools, and other public expenditure."

"The State had the benefit of the whole of the money she originally borrowed (\$3,000,000). It laid the foundation of her roads, railways, and canals, and has brought millions of dollars into the country. Had you not constructed these public works with the bondholders' money you would have to be taxed now for them."

No State which borrowed money ever enjoyed the benefit of its loans more than Virginia has done. (See Senate Document XXIV, Session, 1877-78.)

The present unsettled condition of the debt is keeping capital and immigration out of Virginia, and as long as matters so continue you will never develop the splendid resources of the State in the way they deserve.

The revenue of Virginia is increasing. The last assessment shows an increase of \$55,000,000 in taxable values. Your present revenue must be largely increased if the taxes were more carefully collected and the present assessments on property equalized throughout the State.

What might have been difficult to do a few years ago is easy now, and each year the burden will become lighter. When the debt question is settled capital and enterprise, which now holds aloof, will flow into the State.

The settlement offered by the bondholders proposes that the bonds now in existence bear a tax-receivable coupon should be deposited in some trust company; that new bonds should be issued in their place, bearing no tax-receivable coupons, and at a low rate of interest. When the State pays a half-year's interest on the new bonds, the tax-receivable coupons for that half-year shall be cut off the old bonds by the trust company, cancelled, and delivered to the State. Any increase in the present revenue will be appropriated by the State, and the bondholders will not have any claim on it.

There was a cash balance last July in the Treasury of \$25,000, and the average purchase of Riddleberger 3's by the State has been at the rate of \$800,000 per annum in cash. The State has some millions of dollars of assets which would help her in arranging a settlement.

The bondholders are as deeply interested as you are in maintaining the credit and prosperity of your State. They ask for a fair hearing and a discussion of the question by business men, and not by politicians, whose interest it is to prevent an understanding being arrived at and an honorable compromise made.

The best way of bringing about this settlement is for taxpayers to tender coupons in payment of their taxes. In view of the conciliatory spirit and liberal offer made by the creditors I venture respectfully to submit to you that it is your moral duty, as well as your legal right and privilege, to tender coupons for taxes now due.

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